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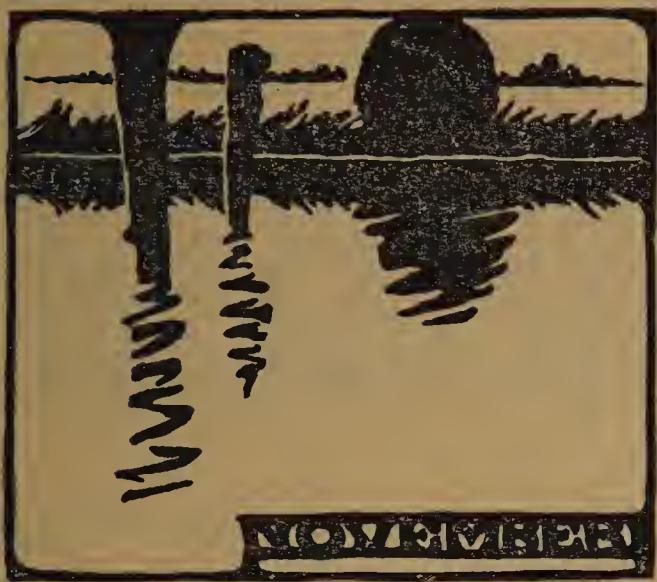
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CENTRE OF VISION

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The CENTRE OF VISION is made and gotten out by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School as a prayer—partly for help, partly of thanksgiving.

10 cents a copy. 75 cents a year in school. \$1.00 per year by mail,

I AM convinced that to maintain oneself in this world is not a hardship, but a pleasure — if one but lives wisely and well.

Henry D. Thoreau.



ILLUSTRATING "THE SNUG LITTLE COVE"

The Snug Little Cove

Spring to the oars, for the daylight is coming,
Faintly it gleams o'er the glimmering sea.
Hoist the white sail and away to the ledges,
Out where the breath of the morning is free.
Here in the cove sleeps the sea like a mirror,
Darkly the islands are pictured below;
Hushed is the sound of the surf on the headlands,
Softly the waves kiss the prow as we go.
Then ho! My lads, ho!
Over the rolling sea we go,
Out from the snug little cove.

Low hang the clouds o'er the turbulent ocean,
Wildly the surf beats the rocks of the shore;
Hissing and seething, it leaps on the ledges,
Backward it gathers with deafening roar.
Stand by the sail, my lads. Ho, flow the jib there!
Yonder the seas are beginning to comb;
Instant the thunder boom answers the lightning,
Faint grow the hearts that are waiting at home.
Then ho! My lads, ho!
Over the rolling sea we go,
Back to the snug little cove.

Vast and mysterious loom the dark billows
Under the glimmering light of the stars,
Warm leap the pulses as, rounding the headland,
Home lights are sighted above the black bars.

O'er the sea, east or west, though we may wander,
Borne by the winds and the swift-flowing tide,
Fond thoughts of thee, little ledge-sheltered haven,
Deep as the currents of ocean abide.

Then ho! My lads, ho!
God bring us back, where'er we go,
Safe to the snug little cove.

A. M. H.

Isle au Haut, Me.



Anson K. Cross

Do you remember the day that you passed in your last smudgy examination paper and received a little slip bearing the cabalistic letters A. K. C., after which you toiled up the steep ascent, to be greeted by the teacher who was to guide your wandering steps through Class A? We have had many adverse criticisms and Thursday morning talks since then, but we have not forgotten that first welcoming talk, when we were assured that success was for us. That was when we were told what we would "need" in the struggle to be a real live artist, and though at the time we were a little amused ourselves, and not a little laughed at by the other Class A-ites, by the time we had finished our outline certificates our levels were much chewed and battered, and Imogene had bought her tenth Cross slate, while Leslie had gotten rid of all his cartridge shells. Our lockers somewhat resembled a small boy's pocket during those troublesome times. String, plumblines, shells, slates, brown books, and levels were mixed in with the ordinary charcoal paraphernalia, and the "white wash" was draped gracefully about an imposing group in which a black bottle and a white cube held prominent place. It was at this juncture that we met the black velvet cube and learned that black was often lighter than white. In passing it might be well to say that about this same time we learned that color is a sensation.

Soon criticisms began, and unhappy victims were summoned from the vale of tears to listen to the tale of the Puppy-dog's Brains. No matter how trying or how despondent we were, Mr. Cross was always patient, always kind, and even after the imposing funeral of the badly-battered skeleton, or the

intercepted elopement, or the bull fights, when we were threatened with being carried to the office "bodily," he merely reiterated that ours was the struggle and he could only encourage.

Then came Christmas, and our hearts beat quickly when we sent the note bidding Mr. Cross to the opening of our pie. He made a most delightful and appreciative guest, and entered heartily into the fun. Even when he received his share of the pie and read the "key to the combinations," his good humor did not fail. Turning a large square of fudge round and round in his fingers until it melted and ran down, he gave us a talk which made us not a little ashamed. He touched on our foibles with a wit and perception that astounded us and urged us with such evident interest in our own behalf that not a few good resolutions were made then and there.

The next fall we started in perspective, and it seemed good to have him again, only it rather appalled us because he lectured from the height of the platform. With his back turned to us, and standing perspectively in front of and entirely obstructing the view of the problem, he would draw line after line, and then, turning to us and perceiving our look of blank dismay, he would say: "It is perfectly simple and logical, and if you can't do this you can never pass the examination, and—if you don't pass the examination (shrug) you might just as well shovel snow!"

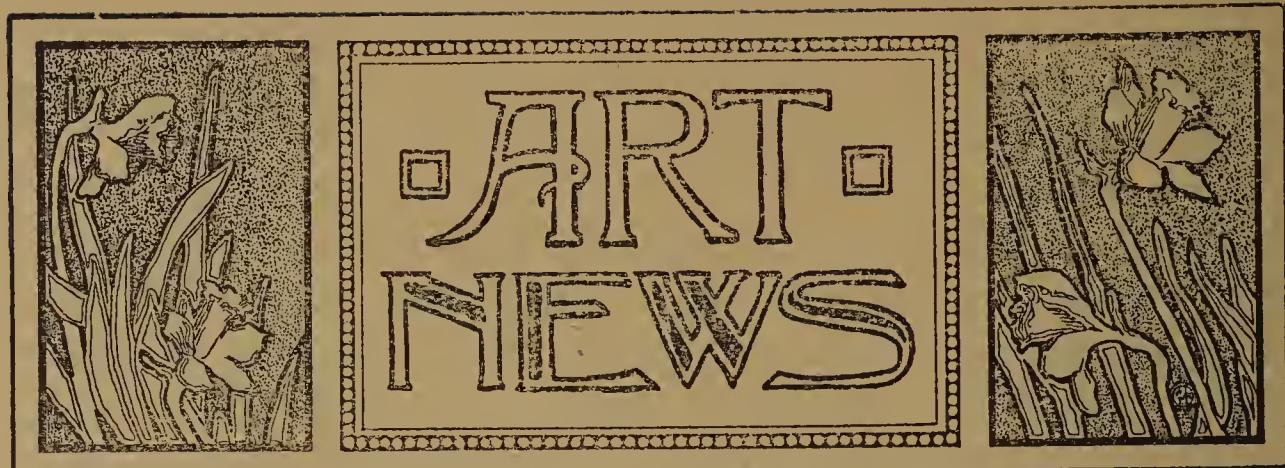
We have liked him for his own sake, for his patience, his kindness, and his ability, but I don't believe half of us really realize what a wonderfully versatile man he is. Here are a few facts which I found about him:—

Anson Kent Cross was born in Lawrence, Mass., December 6, 1862, and went to the Lawrence public schools. While

in high school he invented a rotary plow. He graduated from M. N. A. S., Classes A, B, C, in 1883, and has been teaching there ever since. Just think, twenty-eight years! At that time the school was on Washington street, and Mr. Bartlett, the only one of the present faculty then teaching, taught Mr. Cross in Class A. At the same time, during the years 1881-'83, he taught in the evening schools in Lawrence. From 1883-'86 he taught freehand drawing and light and shade in the Boston Evening School, and was principal from that time until 1900. He is a member of the Boston Art Club, and also of the Copley Society. He has invented any number of things and taken out patents on them. Of course, the most familiar are his slate and the level. He was the originator of the scheme for oiling the streets. He is also the author of nine books on freehand drawing, light and shade, etc.

And the wonderful part of it all is that, although he has made such a great success of teaching, at heart he is an artist. Owing to the death of his father, he was obliged to go to work when very young, and since has been handicapped by ill-health so that he could not do the work he wished outside of the classroom. Nevertheless it is his desire, and he believes that it will be fulfilled, to paint the human figure. Although his partial retirement from teaching would be our great loss, still we are glad to know that he has an unattained desire, something to still work for, and we wish him all success.

Gladys Forbush.



After that game it is too much to ask of us to write seriously about reflected lights and realism, but we're going to do our best. At Cobb's there is a much-talked-of and truly remarkable exhibition by Charles Emile Heil. We have heard long and learned discussions upon that "difficult medium, water-color," and about its unsatisfactoriness, but Mr. Heil has proved that he has mastered it, and that to every one's satisfaction. His work is wonderful from a technical standpoint. He has tetch-neek. (We have that straight from Mr. Major, who really ought to know, as Mr. Heil was a pupil of his.) The work is done so minutely, so steadily, so patiently, so neatly that one's heart despairs, and, particularly if one has an imagination, one gets a tired feeling in one's fingers. In many instances the work is so minute and so delicate that it does not really count.

Grouped on one wall are a number of snow scenes that have a truly Japanese look, losing none of their realisticness, however. Among the portraits there is a head of a young woman which clearly shows the artist's perception and ability. His studies from life and his portraits, particularly "The Sons of Martha," are well worth studying, and his circus-crowd

studies with small children in them are perfectly wonderful. The panel of Christ blessing little children is a splendid conception, but it is to be regretted that the figure of the Christ should savour of the early Italian. The children are deliciously real and modern, and we wish he hadn't stopped there. This exhibition is well worth the taking in. It sets you thinking.

It is a mixed pleasure to take in an instructor's exhibition, anyhow, but when the exhibitor sees you taking it in, and in your official capacity, it is anything but pleasant. Notwithstanding the fact that all the foregoing happened, we managed to get a great deal from Mr. Hamilton's exhibition at Vose's. The work came under two heads, portrait and landscape. We were a great deal more impressed with the latter. There were two portraits that we particularly liked, though; the one of Mr. Blake in a hunting costume was particularly striking, and one of Mrs. Scudder, which had beautiful values in it. There was a most wonderful shadow around the nose.

In Mr. Vose's exhibition window on Boylston street is a splendid Redfield. Look up as you go by.

Marion Boyd Allen had an exhibition of portraits at the Copley. They were hung in such a bad light that they were half spoiled. They had a horrid juicy look. Among them was the wonderful lady in the fur coat. Just between the two rooms are two paintings by Mr. George,—one of an elderly lady, and one of two little girls. The latter is particularly interesting. The little girls look real, and their white dresses have a fresh blue, clothly look. I like the way it is painted. It doesn't look worried to death, and the paint is laid on in a nice, businesslike, painter-esque manner. In the background there is a black and gold Japanese screen—of course.

In the large gallery is an exhibition by Leon Foster Jones.

These were entirely landscapes. "The Spring Freshet" has the most remarkable ab-normal art school perspective where the road shoots madly up into the centre ground. There is a waterfall there, also, that resembles "sleepless nights and days of toil." These two are strangely out of place, as the others are quite good. There is a brook seen through the trees which is simply done and splendid in effect. And, as if to give the other falls the lie, there on the corresponding wall is a real waterfall painted as a waterfall should be.

Last, but not least, came Birge Harrison's exhibit at Doll and Richards'. If you didn't take this exhibition in, we pity you. At first in our condescending manner we scoffed. That was when we heard about it, but when we went, we stayed to pray. To pray that we might be sometime allowed to see his work again, all that was there and more, and to exult that we were enough of an artist to know the truth when we saw it. Did you ever see red snow or green moons? Well, we have, and we have seen the work of a man who has, and who has dared to put it down in mere paint. Oh, no, it wasn't impressionism, it was reality, and you won't believe until you go and see. Go and see how a river looks under the rising sun; when lighted by the waning moon; a street on a misty day; go and see what you have seen all your life; see it put down on canvas with nasty, disgusting paint. You really better go; it will do you good, because the "motter" of the exhibition is: "I Told You So."

Gladys L. Forbush.

Lecture at Harvard College

A lecture on "The Color Sense and Its Training," by Professor Albert H. Munsell, of the Normal Art School, will be given on Friday evening, December 9, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Psychological Laboratory, in Emerson D. This lecture is open to the public.



How does it seem to be back again, or, you Freshmen, how does it seem to be here at all? By this time we have ceased working to the tune of "And Where Are You This Year?" Not that we have ceased to work! Oh, my, no! But the tune has diminished into the monotonous hum of industry. Some one has called the column "entry news." How good of them to recognize that it bears the "hall-mark" of success!

We desire to thank Mr. George for the interest which he shows in our endeavors. I'm sure it will mean quite a lift in the right direction. Why is it that our paper seems to be a drug on the market? Why are we always met with stolid silence when we seek co-operation? The CENTRE OF VISION should be of the school, by the school, and for the school, rather than interesting only the few. The question of selecting class representatives is being considered. Think it over.

School spirit! Where is it? The predominating spirit seems to be the "spirit of unrest." Each individual for himself, an ensemble of distracting forces—there can be but one chaotic result. Pardon if I moralize, but think what wonderful things unity of purpose could accomplish!

Oh, please to remember
The seventeenth of November,
 The Freshman reception and dance.
I see no reason why at this season
 You should forget the fête enfans.

Sophomore (naively): "Why do you consider cozy corners artistic?"

Senior (sophistically): "Because, child, the ulterior motive of a cozy corner is to sequester a chosen object from a confusing variety."

Why is every one jealous of Peter? Is it because he is nice?

That poor Freshman is still puzzling over the question of the head bookkeeper.

Information as to when, where, and how she may acquire a slant will be gratefully received by Miss Duncan.

Will our instructor please tell us if 999 people out of every ten have incorrect vision, what fraction of a man is an artist, or vice versa? It seems to be an improper one either way.

In response to the roll-call, a seemingly disembodied voice replies: "Here."

We are glad Miss Green is with us in spirit, if not in person.

It is to be observed that Class A is no longer a co-ed institution.

Miss Ireland, having terminated a friendly visit in a neighboring studio, whirls out, saying: "I'm looking for a sweetheart, and I think you'll do," to precipitate herself into the arms of her instructor. We congratulate her on her extremely good perception.

Had Mr. Trowbridge been acquainted with our faculty, I'm

sure he would have chosen one to whom he might have dedicated his famous lines :—

“If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,

* * * * *

And wonder why he couldn’t fly,
And flap and flutter, and wish and try.

* * * * *

His body was long and lank and lean,
Just right for flying, as will be seen.”

We have it right straight from the power behind the throne that there is a time and place for smoking, and it is not here. By elimination does it not follow that it is hereafter?

The mutual admiration society proves that, though silence may be golden, eloquence is Silv(i)a.

“Who had the audacity to put that hat on that man?”

Of course, Henry, we admire the spirit of economy which prompts you to be your own model, but moving pictures are really too diverting.

There is a brandy spandy new joke; the great cat of the desert has declared that there is nothing new under the sun, but there is, and a good joke, at that. Did you all see the football announcement?

One of the saddest circumstances of life is the passing out of our realm of old and dear friends, made doubly dear to us by years of association. Of course the “Tragedy of the Sporting-good House” and the “Denouncement of the Cigarette” were there, but many of the oldest and best were conspicuous by their absence.

You poor Sophomores, what have you done? But at least you know how you stand.

Let us all doff our hats to that staff artist, all the more reason because he is a Freshman.

Let's give three cheers for the Thanksgiving vacation! It's alarmingly short, but all the more reason why every blessed minute of it should be made to stand for just sixty seconds of solid enjoyment. I stood before my easel endeavoring to exclude the holiday spirit, really trying to work, but somehow the words "festive bored" kept drifting into my mind. To be brutally frank, I like the football game and the evening romp better than the long, ceremonious meal, where you are viewed at close range and made to feel that you are the only lemon on the whole family tree.

Just think what a lot we all have to be thankful for! You Seniors, that you have attained the Public School Class without the ordeal of that heartrending exam which looms black on our horizon. We Juniors are gratefully thankful that we have just escaped being Sophomores. I do not know whether the younger minds are fully developed enough to understand the true spirit of this season. Children, if your teacher "roasts" you, smile; if you are entangled in a delicate situation, smile; if you have a summons from the office, smile, and be, for what you are about to receive, truly thankful.

B. Shirley Badger.

Freshman Notes

The Freshman class held its first class meeting at the close of the session Friday, November 11. President Brown, of the Senior class, presided until William Green was elected by the Freshmen. The vote for president brought out the fact that Keating was also very popular in the class, as evidenced by the close vote.

With President Green in the chair, the following were elected for the year of 1910-1911: Vice-president, Miss Dorothy French; secretary, Miss Standish; treasurer, Stanley Scott; class editor of the CENTRE OF VISION, E. F. Van Amburg.

The Freshmen as a class are appreciative of the efforts made by the upper classes to acquaint them with the "lay of the land" as regards studios where there are exhibitions of some merit. Many of the class have already visited these studios.

The bit of information pertaining to Mr. Major's paintings at the Hotel Hayward has also been taken advantage of by a great many. The very kindest treatment was accorded to four of us Freshmen by the head waiter, who, finding that we had heard only of the picture of Rip Van Winkle, gave us the additional advantage of seeing the other paintings which Mr. Major has done for the dining-room.

It is very evident that the athletic spirit in the Freshman class is not to be daunted by the statements that are made to them that "athletics never amount to anything at the Normal Art School." Since the victory at football, the Freshmen have been discussing a challenge to all upper classmen for an athletic meet.
Van Amburg.

Tremendous Trifles

If the editor of this noble sheet could see the prodigious yawns with which I am punctuating my literary efforts this very minute, he would relent in his furious demands for copy. It is very late, and I have nothing to say—two disheartening facts—and I have been discouraged since my attempts of last month by hopeful demands on the part of certain of my classmates as to whether I have yet attained “conviction of sin.” I hereby answer publicly, I have not, but I am momentarily expecting it. Any one who tries to make this paper pay its bills will reach such a state sooner or later, for as finances stand at present, we are “going into the hole” with great monthly regularity. Let us therefore rejoice! The result will be that some of you Juniors and Sophomores who won’t subscribe this year will have so much bigger a debt on your hands when the paper falls to some half-dozen of you next year. The Freshman class I take my hat off to; it has been a brick. Most of it has subscribed, and with a cheerfulness, real or assumed, that has done our hearts good. Their spirits have not yet reached the jaded Sophomoric state or the bitterness of the Juniors. I like the Freshmen, and am vindictively glad that they won the football game.

I wish—in my inmost soul I wish—that an awfully sensible class would appear in this school out of the infinite, and with a stern and spinster-like spirit frown down once for all our infinite frivolities. Our parents and guardians in their misguided faith fondly imagine that our interests in school are bounded on the one side by a consuming curiosity as to the psychology of the infant mind, and on the other by the origins and insertions of

the latissimus dorsi. Instead, listen: Presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, and treasurers; class meetings, receptions and dances, fraternities, sororities, and clubs various and peculiar; football teams that arise like meteors and die; basket ball, which demands a surprising number of feminine consultations in and out of work hours, but mostly in; a school paper, born to blush unseen (but wait till you see its grave); a play or two, more or less, which drives every one connected with it stark, staring mad; occasional excursions into pageantry, with an artists' festival or two on the side, the whole interlarded, surrounded, soaked, weltering in such a confusion and variety of gossip, passionate friendships, puppy love affairs, indiscriminate and wearing enthusiasms, as would make our Pilgrim Fathers walk nights. It is a wonder our suffering instructors have not individually sought cold and watery graves ere this.

Of course there are excuses. I've been making them up all along, and the only one that holds water is forsooth that we are young. My opinion of this is that it is time we got over it and turned over a great, glorious, shining, clean, new leaf and—grow up. Let me report a truly noble conversation that I heard the other day. Lamp-post No. 1, extremely earnest, heaves a happy sigh, and remarks: "Isn't it great to have Mr. Decamp for a teacher! Just think! We are the only eight people in the whole world that have him." (This is a thought worthy of the name.) "I don't believe we half appreciate it," she concludes. "Oh, yes, I do." Lamp-post No. 2 is quite indignant. "I brag about it." "Well, that's all right," remarks the first Lamp-post, thoroughly aroused, "but if we really appreciated him we'd get here the first thing in the morning and go the last thing at night, and *never* let the model rest more

than five minutes, and we wouldn't talk and fool one single bit. We'd just work hard every minute." Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I feel conviction of sin coming on faster and faster. Is it possible for such a state of perfection to be attained in any merely human being? I oughtn't to mention good resolutions 'til the January number, for it annoys the editor to have emotions arrive unchronologically, but it can't be helped. I am just bursting with good intentions.

It dawns upon my troubled spirit that Thanksgiving is here, and we have six whole days. In my present state six days seems a long while to waste, but I'll probably be thankful when the time comes. Good resolutions have a curious method of wearing off, and roast turkey and mince pie are rightly objects for great devotion. Repentance will come after.

Frances Downes.

The Sunny Side of the Street

EDITED BY ALICE BAXTER

The editor of this department wishes to state that she did not hand in to be published some of the jokes published last month on this page.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying: "Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm. "Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies. "Ah's very sorry, sah, but we's all out ob shellfish, 'ceptin' aigs."

HE SIMPLY LOOKED THAT WAY.

The man in the smoker was boasting of his unerring ability to tell from a man's looks exactly what city he came from.

"You, for example," he said to the man next to him, "you are from New Orleans?" He was right. "You, my friend," turning to the man on the other side of him, "I should say you are from Chicago?" Again he was right.

The other men got interested. "And you are from Boston?" he asked the third man. "That's right, too," said the New Englander. "And you from Pittsburg, I should say?" to the last man. "No, sir," answered the man with considerable warmth; "I've been sick for three months; that's what makes me look that way." (With apologies to Van Geisen & Cook.)

HE PROVED HIS ALIBI.

The Sunday school superintendent was reviewing the lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" he asked. There was no answer.

Pointing to a little boy at the end of the seat, he demanded a little crossly: "Little boy, who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

The little boy was ready to cry as he piped out with a quavering voice: "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week. We're from Missouri."—The Circle.

Editorials

Tolstoi says: ". . . And these people, often very kind and clever, and capable of all sorts of useful labor, grow savage over their specialized and stupefying occupations, and become one-sided and self-complacent specialists, dull to all the serious phenomena of life, and skilful only at rapidly twisting their legs, their tongues, or their fingers."

I figured this all out long ago. I do not like to talk or write about painting—in fact, except in very rare cases, I find it hard work to write at all—but when I must write I prefer to write of the things which the study of art brings before me, such as sunsets, and the ways of people, and all manner of trades.

Once upon a time a farmer was standing behind and watching an apparently robust man sketching by the roadside. After being rather amusedly assured that the painter was neither a cripple nor an invalid, he burst out with: "Good Lord! And you can sit there doing that!" I think reading that anecdote first started me conscientiously asking myself whether or not I was studying something entirely superfluous. I could take pleasure and interest in doing other things,—the heating of iron, beating and bending and shaping it, and thrusting it into water and out again at precisely the right moment to temper correctly; the hewing of wood, the joining and planing and putting together; the turning up of the soil, learning just what seed would enrich instead of draining it, and what chemicals it lacked; the teaching of little children, drawing out and stimulating the backward ones, and veering the forward ones into the right track. Each of these callings have their great artists. All artists are not painters, neither are all painters artists.

Art is good taste combined with utility—nothing else—and neither more of one than of the other, and nothing that man builds could he build on a better foundation. I say that there is no machine constructed, no building put up, no country governed, no children taught but could be better done if a truly good artist could have a hand in the doing. Were I to go out now to take up some other one of the world's trades, I would ask for no better foundation than that which I have acquired during the study of art. I insist with pride upon ranking brushes with hammers and plows, scapels and trowels, and canvases with anvils. Tarry a moment to think of what a magnificent canvas a farmer has permanently stretched before him.

Certainly there is food to be prepared, certainly there are clothes to make and houses to build, but is there nothing beyond this? Are we all like Ching Wong, the Chinaman, whose "chief occupation was earning enough cash to buy enough rice and fish to nourish his shriveled little body sufficiently to make it possible for him to earn more cash to buy more rice and fish, and so on ad infinitum"?

Do artists do good? Do doctors do good? Do teachers do good? Do preachers do good? I have read books, watched plays, and studied pictures that have made me wish and try to be better, cleaner, and more truthful. Could this be accomplished by persons who have spent their lives in striving to be skilful "at rapidly twisting their legs, their tongues, or their fingers"? I do not hesitate to say that no really great artist would be seriously hampered by a crippled hand, provided his brain and eye remained clear.

At first glance this old world appears to be very much like a rather wheezy old gasoline engine with a well-developed tendency to skip, but I am convinced that it is a very well-balanced

piece of machinery, as fine as a good timepiece, with none of its monotonous regularity; a fairly smooth-running engine for which some of us supply the gasoline, and others—such as painters, writers, poets, sculptors, etc., who have a keener ear for the inner workings—supply the oil.

It is very necessary for men to toil and get tired and sick at heart. If, then, comes a man, God chosen, who sings—painters are singers, singers are painters—who sings of that man and his work so that he shall go back to his work with a cheery and lightened heart, or, as Maeterlinck put it, ". . . and by these simple images will he add to our consciousness of life . . . that the beauty, the grandeur, and the earnestness of my humble, everyday existence would for one instant be revealed to me, that I would be shown the I know not what presence, power, or God that is ever with me in my room,"—tell me, who is the doctor then? Of course there are types of art which do not appeal to the common, average, everyday people. The old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," does not fully cover the law. He is a friend indeed who knows the opportune time, when the needy one is high enough up to take best advantage of the proffered aid. The Chinese stop their physicians' pay only when they fail to keep them well.

Nowadays it is customary for people to know little or nothing about their bodies and their functions. They leave it all to their doctor, and, also, they leave art to their artist. A perfect world, of course, would have no doctors; each man would scientifically know himself, and, also, each man would build his deeds upon a proper foundation of art—and I am not so sure but that we could more easily eliminate the doctors than the artists. Whether or not any one wants a perfect world is a question. Personally, I am quite well satisfied with it as it is.

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